to find that the voice came from one of the huts near by, and wonder of wonders ! ! ! I saw quite clearly and distinctly the figure of one for whom I had a very warm corner in the regions of my heart. The very strangest part of it all was the fact that though the voice came from somewhere inside the hut, yet the form that I saw, appeared as clear as daylight to me, as if the thatch walls of the hut never existed or even if they did exist, was no barrier to her being seen from where she stood. The phenomenon seems to resemble in many respects what is known as Rontgen's X-ray projections. My readers can well imagine the state of my feelings at the time; I was simply stupefied so to say, and did not know how to adjust myself to the state of things I was made to face. What, of all the places on earth, to meet her in a convict hut like this, in an Andaman village! ! ! By Jove! who could have thought, nay even dreamed of such a thing as that? However I argued—she must have run away from her home, leaving father, mother, and all

her rela-
tions, unable to bear the distance,
circumstances
had placed between us, and has chosen
to follow
me even here, managing somehow to
board in